

EXTRA

**A MOTHER FORCES HER DAUGHTER INTO PROSTITUTION
TO SAVE HER FROM 2 LESBIAN TEEN AGE FRIENDS** p. 16

COMPLETELY

UNCENSORED NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

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DEC. 6, 1966

SEXY SHIRLEY ANNE FIELD CONFESSES



I'M A SLUT

—AN ABSOLUTE SLUT!

**BUT THIS DOESN'T MEAN I LEAP INTO BED
—WITH EVERY MAN WHO COMES ALONG** **P3**

A MAN IN JAIL FOR MURDER GETS MARRIED —TO THE GIRL WHOSE FIANCE HE KILLED



MAVIS UPTON, 21, appears calm as she enters the chapel—to marry the man who'd murdered her fiancé.

The ability to forgive and forget is a virtue that many people strive to achieve.

But Mavis Upton, 21, proved that she possesses this virtue to an extent that is almost unbelievable.

Because a few weeks ago, in a quiet ceremony in a prison, she married Barry Tomkys, 29 — the man who murdered her fiancé.

The strange story had its beginnings more than seven years ago when Tomkys, a civil service worker in London, first met Mavis Upton, then 14. The two became involved, and eventually an affair developed which was so intense that it lasted even after Tomkys—desiring the respectability of a family—married another woman.

With the birth of his son, however, Tomkys fully accepted the role of husband and father and ceased to see Miss Upton. And soon Miss Upton found another companion, David Shepherd, 18, and a few months later was engaged.

There was trouble in store, however. Because shortly afterwards, during an evening of social drinking, Tomkys told his wife about his previous relationship with Miss Upton. And the next morning Mrs. Tomkys, apparently wanting to make certain that the relationship had truly ended, called Miss Upton and asked her to come to the Tomkys house for "a little talk."

According to the police, Miss Upton was a bit wary of this "little talk," so she asked her fiancé to accompany her. He agreed, and shortly thereafter the two arrived at the Tomkys apartment.



AS PRISON OFFICIALS look on, Mavis leaves the prison after her unprecedented wedding. Her husband will be eligible for parole in 10-15 years.



BARRY TOMKYS, 29, is transported in a special car from his prison cell to the chapel to marry Miss Upton. Their honeymoon, however, will have to be postponed until Tomkys is released from jail.

It was granted, and the ceremony was conducted inside Dartmoor prison, the groom wearing a dark blue suit and a red rose from the prison garden.

After the vows, the couple exchanged gifts and celebrated with lemonade and cookies. Tomkys held his bride on his lap, kissed her and then returned to his cell while his new bride left the prison accompanied by her in-laws.

"I'm as happy as any other bride," Mavis told reporters on Nov. 9. "The wedding was the most beautiful moment of my life."

Tomkys will be eligible for parole in 10-15 years and his bride intends to wait for him. "I'll wait as long as I have to for Barry's pardon and release," she declared firmly. What happened before is forgiven and forgotten."



THE TOMKYS' HOUSE—this is where Barry Tomkys shot and killed David Shepherd, Mavis' fiancé.

But there, say police, instead of encountering Mrs. Tomkys and a tearful "wronged wife" scene, the couple was left in by Mr. Tomkys — who was wildly jealous that his ex-mistress had found another man.

Almost before the couple had entered the house, Tomkys produced a gun and shot young Shepherd to death.

Then, say authorities, Tomkys and Miss Upton fled the scene of the crime in a panic, not realizing for the moment that they were leaving Tomkys' wife there with Shepherd's body. When they did calm down enough to realize it, though, they also realized that it would be only a matter of time before they were caught.

Thus, two hours after the murder, Tomkys walked into a London police station, gave himself up and made a full confession. The trial was speedy, and Tomkys was sentenced to life imprisonment.

But Miss Upton apparently still loved the man who had killed for her, and so, after Mrs. Tomkys, anxious to raise her son as far away from the convicted murderer as possible, divorced him, Miss Upton asked authorities for permission to marry her ex-lover.

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Sexy British Actress Shirley Anne Field Confesses:

I'M A SLUT – AN ABSOLUTE SLUT!

BY WILBUR PARRY

"I don't suppose anybody would call me a good example for young people to follow," said sexy British actress Shirley Anne Field. "Far from it."

"In fact, I'm a slut. An absolute slut."

We were shocked by this, and we told her so.

"Oh, you Americans!" the luscious brunette laughed on October 5th. "You've got it all wrong."

"I'm not saying that I leap into bed with every man who comes along. Not at all. What I mean is that I'm lazy — lazy and a bit untidy."

"In England we call a lazy woman a slut. In America you'd probably call me a slob. I'm sorry I upset you, but it takes a while to learn your language."

Shirley Anne, who was involved in some torrid bedroom scenes with Robert



NOW TOURING BRITAIN with a theatrical troupe, Shirley is keeping herself in eating money while waiting for a juicy movie part to come along.

saked her in Brighton, a British seaside resort town.

Her eyes lit up. "Oh, it's wonderful!" she said. "It's all great fun."

"There's something about a live audience that brings out the ham in me — even when the theatre is shabby and drafty and there are rats in my dressingroom walls."

"And it keeps me eating between films."

"After all, there are lots of pretty girls in the movies, and there are only so many parts for us."

"The only way an actress can eat regularly without working too often is by being a huge box office name."

"If I'm lucky this could happen to me. But I'm afraid this sluttishness of mine works against me."

"Because I don't try as hard as I should since I also enjoy doing nothing but laying about the house all day."



BEING SLUTTISH, Shirley Anne said, doesn't mean that she leaps into bed with every man who comes along. Here she's shown with Robert Wagner while making "The War Lover"

Wagner in "The War Lover," and who has been voted "Britain's sexiest starlet" sipped a scotch and water as she continued:

"My trouble is that I was born lazy."

"I want to be a success, to be a big star with my name in lights. But on the other hand I'm quite happy to jog along with things the way they are — even when I'm not working."

"Sometimes I'm really brilliant. I can set show-business on its heels with a brilliant performance in a movie or in a play."

"But the next part I get — I'm so terrible I can't even keep the job."

Shirley Anne said this up-and-down performance cost her the female lead in "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines."

"I went to audition for the part because I thought it would be a wonderful opportunity," she said.

"But even though I'd turned in a couple of great performances before, I just couldn't do anything right that morning. Everything went wrong — and another girl got the part."

To keep her acting ability in shape while she waits for that "dream" part in a big picture, Shirley Anne is touring Britain's smaller towns with a theatrical troupe.

How does she like this? We



SHIRLEY ANNE FIELD — she can be happy just lying around in bed all day and doing nothing.

BARTENDER SERVES GIRL DRUGGED DRINK ... AND SELLS HER TO FREIGHTER'S CREW

... As a Playmate For A Boring Round-The-World Cruise



INGRID HOLT is shown during her vacation on the Riviera, having lunch with Jack, a bartender who later Shanghai'd her onto a tramp freighter. The snapshot was taken by a girlfriend of Ingrid's.

BY PHILIP BIANCO

When lovely young Ingrid Holt was Shanghai'd aboard a tramp freighter, the rough, rugged and hard-bitten sailors expected to have a great time making love to her during the long lonely nights of the voyage ahead.

But they had another thing coming.

For innocent young Ingrid was so cunning and resourceful that she managed to not only avoid sleeping with any sailor at all, but nearly started a mutiny and bled every sailor on the ship of every penny he had — before getting put ashore.

"I guess the whole thing started because I look so innocent, so young and helpless," the 22-year-old girl from Linz, Austria, told us when we interviewed her in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where she was finally let ashore.

"I was in Cannes, on the French Riviera, at the time, having my first big vacation away from home, in a fancy resort hotel.

"Since I was so inexperienced, everything seemed wonderful to me. I was friendly to everybody, and it seemed to me that everybody was friendly to me and only wished me well.

"That's what I thought about Jack, the bartender, whom I met on the beach one day."

Jack, a bartender at a club in Cannes, struck up a conversation with Ingrid, and invited her to lunch. Soon, she felt that she had made a

new friend.

"When he invited me to visit the place where he worked that night, and said that he would introduce me to some famous and glamorous people, I was terribly excited. And of course I accepted."

That night, however, Ingrid met no one famous or glamorous. She did, however, get a free drink — with a knockout drug in it.

"When I came into the bar, Jack offered me a drink. I felt funny. Sort of dizzy and sick."

"Jack suggested I get some air. So I walked out the door — and there were these three men, grinning at me."

"They grabbed me. And then I must have passed out, because the next thing I knew, I woke up on a ship."

Ingrid soon learned that she was on a battered, disreputable tramp freighter. It was bound for Australia, by way of South America — a long, boring trip which the crew members had decided to live up to by having their acquaintance, Jack the bartender, Shanghai her to a pretty young girl for "company."

"I learned that every crew member had chipped in to buy me from Jack," Ingrid told us. "The captain had paid the most, so I was kept in his cabin. But I was to be passed from crew member to crew member — and warned if I didn't cooperate, they'd all lose me overboard and no one would be the wiser."

However, although Ingrid Holt was young and innocent,

she was neither stupid nor cowardly. Summoning all her wits, she set about thwarting the sailors' plans, by outsmarting them.

"I used the only thing I had — my feminine charm," Ingrid related.

"The first night, which I was to spend with the captain, I broke into tears. I told him that he was so hard, some, so strong, so intelligent that I couldn't help liking him in spite of what he had done to me."

"I said that I would really enjoy making love with him — but not on this dirty old boat, without privacy or nice surroundings."

"And I buttered him up so much that he agreed to wait until the voyage was finished, when I said I would become his mistress permanently."

"Then the next night, when I was passed on to a crew member, I told HIM that he was so handsome, strong and charming that I couldn't help loving him."

"The only trouble was, I told him, that I wanted to stay with HIM — and not have to sleep with any other crew members."

"I said that as soon as he could make sure I didn't have to put up with those other beasts I would show him true love."

Soon, by telling EVERY sailor on the ship the same thing, Ingrid had the entire crew at each other's throats. Each man wanted Ingrid for himself alone — and was ready to fight the others for her.

"Fights started breaking out all over," Ingrid said. "Soon, the ship was like one big brawl, day and night. The sailors were so angry at each other that they could hardly do their work."

Finally, seeing that his ship was going to pot, the captain decided to put Ingrid ashore.

"He had two officers put me ashore in Buenos Aires," said Ingrid. "I cried, and pretended that I wanted to stay on the ship, but actually, of course, I was delighted."

Ingrid had good reason to be delighted. Not only had she left the ship without being touched by even one sailor, she had managed to ex-

tract every penny from every sailor on board — by promising secretly to be waiting for each one when he returned to Buenos Aires.

"It's not likely they'll find me, though," said Ingrid with a smile.

"I'm so rich now that I've been able to buy myself a ticket for a REAL round-the-world cruise."

"I leave tomorrow — but this time on a luxury liner, not a tramp freighter."



INGRID SMOOCHEs with a sailor aboard the tramp freighter. Since Ingrid told each man that she loved him alone, in order to avoid sleeping with any of them, this picture was the cause of many fights aboard the ship when it was shown to other sailors.

A CHILD MOLESTER IS RELEASED FROM JAIL FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR —AND GOES ON MURDER BINGE



JOSEPH F. BRYAN JR.

BY JIM TURNER

By the time Joseph Francis Bryan Jr. was 25, he had a record of burglary, car theft, child molestation and mental illness.

But the worst was yet to come.

According to police, he went on an orgy of sexual perversion, kidnapping and murder following his release from Nevada State Penitentiary in 1964 for good behavior.

And his victims were all innocent young boys.

Bryan's sordid story begins on the evening on Feb. 27, 1964, when ten-year-old Johnny Robinson of Mount Pleasant, S.C., disappeared.

Earlier in the day, the boy had told his mother that he was going to visit his friend and take his bike.

At first the boy's mother didn't worry when her son failed to return home that night because he often stayed over at his friend's without telling her.

But the next morning Mrs. Robinson became alarmed when she saw Johnny's pal waiting for her son outside. The two boys always went to school together.

The pal said he hadn't seen Johnny since the previous day.

The police were then informed, and a search begun for the missing boy.

Early that same morning in farming country about 50 miles from Johnny's home, a farmer spotted an ancient white and yellow Ford convertible stuck in one of his ditches along a secondary road which ran past his property.

The farmer, accompanied by a neighbor, drove his tractor over to the car.

Immediately he reached it a disheveled young man jumped out of the front seat

He Leaves A Trail of Mutilated, Sexually-Abused, and Dead Boys Before Being Captured Once More



JOHNNY ROBINSON, 10, was the killer's first victim. His skeleton was found in a swamp months after he was kidnapped.

like a startled rabbit and made as though to run away. But he apparently decided to stay when the farmer offered to drag his car out of the ditch.

While doing so the farmer noticed a small boy wrapped in a blanket, apparently fast asleep in the back of the car.

"My kid," explained the young man. "We drove a long ways yesterday and he's plain tuckered out."

Suspecting something, but not knowing exactly what, the farmer jotted down the registration number of the car as the young man drove away. Then, as he climbed back on to the tractor, he noticed a boy's red bike lying in a field a few yards away.

When he heard a broadcast report about the missing boy later that day, the farmer immediately phoned the police.

The registration number he had jotted down enabled detectives to trace the car to Joseph Francis Bryan.

The F.B.I. was the called in and the farmer was shown photographs of Bryan. "That's the man who was in my ditch," the farmer said.

"I'd recognize those decaying teeth anywhere."

Bryan's decaying teeth were like the mark of Cain which could not be erased. They were rotten to the core and most noticeable and repulsive when he opened his mouth.

FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. printed and distributed 250,000 flyers stressing the urgency of the case and giving all known information about Bryan. The flyer stated that Bryan was "mentally unbalanced, irrational, impulsive, suicidal and sometimes carries a gun."

"He has admitted enjoying seeing small boys tied up and screaming," the flyer reported.

"Subject is extremely nervous with a giggle-type laugh. Several of his upper teeth are no more than blackened stumps. He is said to have a fondness for sweets, especially strawberry ice cream."

Bryan was very elusive. Though the Mercury was traced to a used car lot—Bryan had sold it for more



DAVID WULFF, B, was kidnapped while on the way to school—and found dead later on. Police believe Bryan killed him, too.

than he paid for it—it was established that he had since stolen other means of transportation and was evading capture by switching cars often and traveling by night.

Suddenly a second small boy was reported missing on March 23. He was Lewis Hack Wilson who had started home from school at St.

questioned in Dennis' home town swore, after seeing pictures of Bryan, that he had been in the area at the time the boy disappeared.

Practically every law agency in the United States was now placed under orders to "arrest this man at the earliest possible moment."

That moment came when



DENNIS BURKE, B, was being held captive by Bryan when the cops rescued him.

Petersburg, Fla., but had never arrived. He had vanished, and witnesses swore that Bryan had been seen in the area just before the child's disappearance but nobody had recognized him then.

No trace of Bryan or his two alleged victims was found until March 31, when chilling evidence came to light, which proved that a crazed, depraved sex monster and murderer was at large.

On that day the decaying sexual-ravaged body of little Johnny Robinson was found by children playing in a mangrove swamp near Hallandale, Fla.

Then, on April 24, a third small boy, Dennis Burke, 8, of Humboldt, Tenn., was reported missing.

And once more people

two FBI agents spotted Bryan as he entered a store in New Orleans, La., holding Dennis by the hand.

After watching Bryan buy the boy clothes and a candy bar, they moved in and picked him up.

Held on \$150,000 bail, Bryan admitted nothing—until the body of Lewis Hack Wilson was found on a lonely road near Venice, Florida.

This time, the FBI said, Bryan confessed to murdering the two boys after sexually abusing them.

Bryan's trail had now come complete circle. On Oct. 12 he was tried for the murder of the Robinson boy and convicted.

A SWINGING YOUNG BEAUTY PROVES THAT NO MAN CAN PUSH HER AROUND

BY SANDER WILDINGHAM

Photographer's model Gerry Falk is sweet and charming and gentle and nice, just as a beautiful young girl should be.

But she can also be as rough, tough and savage as a cornered grizzly bear, as she proved when her boyfriend tried to push her around.

For when Miss Falk and her boyfriend brawled in her apartment, she bashed in three of his teeth, broke his nose, cracked two of his ribs, dislocated his elbow, wrenched his back, and left him lying unconscious on the floor — even though he was over 200 pounds of solid muscle and bone.

Police in London, England, learned the following

... By Smashing Her Boyfriend To A Bloody Pulp

story from Miss Falk after her boyfriend had been taken to a hospital.

At the age of 24, Miss Gerry Falk had been a top-flight photographer's model in London for the past 6 years. Her delicate, fin-boned beauty had not only enabled her to rise to the top of her profession and make large sums of money, but had brought her the admiration of almost every man with whom she came into contact. She had dozens of boyfriends, and many of them wanted to marry her.

"I've received one marriage proposal after another," Miss Falk told police, "and

some of them were from very wealthy men, even millionaires. But marriage isn't for me. I'm a free-wheeling, free-swinging chick who doesn't want to be tied down to one man. I don't want to be possessed by anyone or have to answer to anyone for what I do or whom I see. I like to come and go as I please.

"I told this to Al Burton when I first started to date him. I told him that no matter how often we saw each other, I intended to remain completely independent. But I guess he didn't believe me."

Miss Falk first started to date Al Burton, the handsome, muscular owner of a small Soho nightclub, when she met him at a party given by a friend. Due to what she described as "an intense mutual attraction," and the fact that they both liked many of the same things — such as jazz, horse races, fast cars, and wild parties — they started to have an affair almost immediately. And soon they were seeing each other just about every night.

"Things went pretty well for the first couple of months," said Miss Falk. "But then I noticed that Al was getting possessive. There was no question of marriage between us, since he was already married and had an couple of kids, and I didn't want marriage anyway. But nevertheless, he started to act as if I were his wife, his personal property, so to speak.

"He began to demand that I account for my time. When we met he would ask me what I had been doing since I last saw him. Who did I lunch with? Who did I go out with at night? Who was the man I'd been seen with at a nightclub? Where was I when he called at 3 a.m.?"

"I told him, time after time, that the fact we were sleeping together didn't give him any rights over me. I told him that I wasn't going to account to him for anything I did, and that I was still a completely free woman. But he just wouldn't listen. And finally, I got fed up. I decided to break off with him."

Thus, on Oct. 2, right after Burton had particularly annoyed Miss Falk by calling her to demand where she had been for the past two days ("I'd been spending the week-end with another lover," she told police, "and what the hell business was it of his, anyway?"), she



AL BURTON lies unconscious on the floor of Gerry Falk's apartment, after she beat him to a pulp. Unidentified men bending over him is a neighbor who rushed in to help when the ambulance arrived.

told him that she was fed up with his possessiveness, and wouldn't see him anymore.

"He became enraged," Miss Falk related. "He began to shout at me over the phone, saying that I was his, and his alone, and I would continue to see him whether I liked it or not. So, I got mad, too. I told him to shove it — and hung up."

But, a half-hour later, Burton appeared at Miss Falk's apartment.

"At first, I refused to let him in," she said. "But he was shouting so loud, and hammering on the door so much, I was afraid the other tenants would complain. Finally I opened the door, and he came in. And right away he started to shove me around, saying he was going to teach me a lesson."

"He slapped me twice across the face, and threw me to the floor. I warned him. I told him not to get physical with me, or I'd have to get physical in return. But, as usual, he didn't listen. He just laughed and said what could a little girl like me do to him. Then he slapped me again. That did it. I decided to SHOW him what I could do.

With this, the delicate, fine-boned, sweet Miss Falk

swung into action. Using her three-year training in Judo and Karate, which, she explained to police, she had undergone because "any pretty girl alone in a big city should know how to defend herself," she attacked the 200-pound, muscular Burton.

"It was laughably easy," she said. "He had brute strength, I had skill. He swung once, missed, and it was all over. I flipped him over on his back, chopped at his nose, hammered his mouth, flipped him again on his belly, kicked him twice in the face — and finally smashed him to the floor. Then, when he was unconscious, I called an ambulance."

With the ambulance came police, called by alarmed neighbors who had heard the sounds of battle. Miss Falk, taken to police headquarters, gave a full account of the affair. And when Burton, after regaining consciousness, refused to press charges, she was released.

"Hell," Burton muttered from his hospital bed on Oct. 3, "if I'd known she was a grizzly bear instead of a girl, I wouldn't have wanted to possess her anyway."



MODEL GERRY FALK — a sweet, charming and gentle girl, she proved she didn't like to be pushed around — by beating her boyfriend to a pulp when he slapped her. This photo of Gerry appeared in a leading English cheesecake magazine.

MYSTIC TRIES TO GIVE HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS A BETTER LIFE

BY OTTO MUELLER

Theo Rapp, 43, a self-styled Hindu mystic, didn't like seeing his wife and two little girls living in poverty and squalor.

So he decided to do them all a favor.

The favor was to shoot them all — so they could move on to another, happier reincarnation!

Rapp's bizarre career began when he was still a boy. Somehow, he picked up an interest in oriental philosophy, and lost interest in everything else.

This was all right while Rapp was a boy, but when he grew up his mother grew worried. She thought her son should be married and raising a family, not studying Zen and raising a beard.

So Mama Rapp put an ad in a love-lorn column, asking for a nice wife for her son.

Of the many answers to the ad, only one, that of Ursula Wiasler, interested Rapp.

Trimming his beard and putting on his only suit, he traveled from Strassbourg, France, to Saarbrück, Germany, to meet his future wife and her family. In order to impress them, he claimed to be an industrial engineer.

BY SENDING THEM TO THE HERE AFTER

KILLS OLDEST DAUGHTER AND SELF — WIFE DEFENDS KILLER FROM HOSPITAL BED

Everyone involved was properly impressed, and soon Rapp married Ursula and brought her back with him to Strassbourg. The newlyweds moved in with his mother—and never moved out again.

Ursula learned to share Rapp's oriental interests, and even encouraged him to continue in his studies. Meanwhile, with all decent haste, she presented him with his first daughter, Schita.

As a family man, Rapp felt obliged to work for a living, but work and his studies kept interfering with each other. So Rapp moved from job to job with unusual speed

for a while, and then gave up working altogether.

"According to the scriptures," he explained lucidly, "I am the reincarnation of Indra Karma, who lived in India 1,000 years ago.

"In that incarnation I established a religious sect in which no one worked. The purpose of my present incarnation is obviously to reestablish my sect. So from now on I refuse to work."

Meanwhile, Rapp set forth to reestablish his cult, but with next to no success. A

few people attended his seances — during which long-dead Hindus, speaking through Rapp, volunteered to solve everybody's problems — but none came back twice.

Ursula didn't mind this, though it made life a bit harder than it had been. She was so proud to be the Indra Karma's wife that she wasn't even overly bothered by having to accept handouts from her relatives and the city's welfare department.

The Rapp family's finan-

ce does when she doesn't quite understand her husband. She nodded her head wisely every time he paused in his tirade and murmured, "Yes, dear."

Rapp sat around for a year, developing that idea, being basically a kindly man, it hurt to see his loved living in such uncomfortable circumstances.

He wanted to do something to help them — and finally he decided what to do.

Late one evening, he calmly entered the room where his wife and children were sleeping. Gently, he awoke Ursula.

"We're living in the wrong incarnation," he told her, "but I'm going to fix it. We'll all be much happier in the next incarnation."

With that, he pulled a luger from his coat pocket and shot his wife through the neck.

The bullet caused severe neural damage, rendering her incapable of speech and only barely able to walk, but it didn't kill her. As Rapp tranquilly shot 9-year-old Schita to death, Ursula grabbed the baby and staggered to the door.

Rapp turned and fired a volley at them, wounding the baby and hitting Ursula in the shoulder, but he didn't follow them as they stumbled down the stairs and out to the street.

Instead he sat down and, smiling blissfully, shot himself through the head.

Ursula found help, and minutes later the police were on the scene. There they found a dead baby and a dying Theo Rapp. He moved on to his next incarnation while they were carrying him down to the ambulance.

In spite of it all, Ursula continued to defend her late husband.

"His nerves gave way, that's all," she said from her hospital bed.

URSULA RAPP, 40, defended her late husband from the hospital bed to which he'd sent her. "He really thought he was doing us a favor," she explained.



SCHITA, Rapp's older daughter, sat happily on her bearded daddy's lap for this family portrait, little dreaming that seven years later he would do her a favor — by shooting her to death.

cial condition worsened steadily, and it didn't help matters any when Ursula had another baby.

Nor did it help Rapp's morale when a monkey he was trying to train bit three of his fingers off.

During the nine years he spent being Indra Karma, Rapp's spirits sank lower with each passing day. He became morose and sullen, and, finally, wouldn't even allow his in-laws, who came bearing gifts for the new baby, to enter his house.

As he explained it to Ursula, something was obviously wrong. It made no sense for the Indra Karma and his family to be living in poverty and misery. Perhaps this reincarnation was a mistake.

Not quite understanding him, Ursula did what every

FAMILY OF 10 DROWNED IN OWN HOME

- WHEN HUGE WATER TANK FALLS

the constant battering of the high winds that fateful night, the great metal structure began wavering on its foundation.

Finally, in the middle of the night, with all persons in the Dorsky house asleep in their beds, it came thundering down, breaking through the roof as if it were a matchbox and sending millions of gallons of fluridated

drinking water cascading into the lower portion of the house.

"It was sheer horror," Stanislaus told authorities. "One instant I was sleeping, the next minute I was immersed in what seemed to be an ocean."

"It happened so quickly, there was no chance to help anybody. Water was everywhere. I felt myself floating in the middle of it some-



FUNERAL SERVICES were held for the family two days after the tragedy, and practically the entire town turned out to pay their respects. Said the one survivor of his family: "They will all be everlastingly missed."

where, but I don't know if I was an inch from the floor or an inch from the ceiling.

"I felt myself bumping into the other members of my family, but I couldn't tell if they were my little sisters or my uncle or my father or who. My lungs were bursting. The panic was indescribable."

"Suddenly — I don't know how it happened — I neared a window. I couldn't see it, but I felt it. Somehow, I managed to unlatch it and force it open. I felt myself being swept out in a stream

of water. Then I fell unconscious."

Fortunately, Stanislaus' unconsciousness was only temporary. But the ten others in his family were not so lucky. All of them, trapped like fish in a huge goldfish bowl, died horribly — either by drowning or by being crushed by the falling girders of the water tower.

When it was all over, and all the bodies had been removed from the wreckage, the entire town turned out to mourn the unfortunate family.

And Stanislaus, at the funeral, tearfully summed up all their feelings. "They will all," he said, "be everlastingly missed."

STANISLAUS DORSKY, 17. He survived the sudden "flood" by luckily groping his way through the water to a window end getting it open.

BY JERRY ROSS

When the Dorsky family decided to close all their windows one night last week during a ferocious rainstorm, they did so in the hope that it would keep the water out. Instead, however, all that it accomplished was to keep the water in.

And, as a result, 10 of the 11 people in the house that night died horribly in their beds — when violent winds blew down a huge water tank and flooded the house to the ceiling.

According to the account of authorities in Kutno, Poland, where the tragedy took place, the mass drowning occurred as a direct result of measures the Dorsky family took against last week's violent wind and rainstorm.

As 17-year-old Stanislaus Dorsky, the sole survivor of the nightmare, described it, "We never thought that shutting all the windows and doors would cause such a hazard. My father said that it would be a safety measure, so that the terrible winds would not be able to pass through the house and work up speed and destroy things."

As it turned out, though, the father had made a tragic misjudgment. Because a few yards away from the Dorsky house, there was a large water tank tower, which provided water for the entire town of Kutno — and under

AUTHORITIES DIG THROUGH the wreckage of the Dorsky home the morning after it was smashed by a falling water tower. Of the eleven people in the house at the time, eight were drowned, two were killed by tumbling girders and only one survived.



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Both white—she's a shoplifter 33, he's a con artist 45. I seek lonely, capable, mostly attractive. Photo and phone. Please. Box 03457

NEGRO FEMALE, SINGLE

I am 34, 5'6". Will reply to all frank letters re phone or private looking for this type of entertainment. Write to me, reading, TV, fishing. Photo please. Neatly, vigorously. Mail. Box 03378

LOVELY N.C. MALE

White, 41 and 57". I'm looking for an attractive woman up to 45 for love and possible marriage. Send picture, please. Especially N.Y.C. and East Coast. Box 03379

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An eager, shapely Mrs. I wish to con- tact singles and couples for adult fun. Frank letters and phone answers reply. Box 03380

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I'm a young man who will administer safely and wisely to the needs of a young, mad woman. Send picture, please. Discretion assured. Letter, photo, phone; will answer. Box 03470

SNOW ENGINEER, N.Y.C.

Good-looking, white and 32—tall, clean, discreet, honest have apartment. I seek a shapely woman 25-40, who is often female. Photo, please. Box 03364

LOVELY, COLORED MALE

I'm 29, 5'6", a musician, 140 lbs. Seek marriage or sincere companionship with a wealthy lady, any race. Age or looks unimportant. Wash. D.C. Box 03370

LOVELY STRIPPER

I'm 26, have hair and love top to re- cordings. Looking for "My Night". My photo in first letter. Calif. Box 03381

PENNA., N.Y.

Am a single, beautiful woman who needs a home and handsome man. Love her- self, swimming, dancing and am a good cook. Prefer European men, age no barrier, but should be loving and mar- riage-minded. Discretion assured. Box 03347

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ. MALE

I'm a young, well-proportioned white male, 35, 4'2", 190 lbs. Would like to meet on attractive woman over 30. Finan- cially secure. Send look letter and photo. Box 03386

YOUNG LI. MARRIED

We are an attractive, white couple, 32 and 25, educated, discreet, broadminded, and wish to meet similar gentlemen mar- ried for existing or weekend fun and companionship. Send frank letter, photo or telephone. Box 03349

NORTH JERSEY COUPLE

Glad now being formed for exhibition. We have met and women who enjoy this type of entertainment. Write for information. Strict confidence guaranteed and satisfaction. Box 03480

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I am in a situation with unusual interest, 29, and seek passionate, unbridled woman for discreet pleasure. Married, divorced, single, anywhere in Southern Calif. Photo and phone answer reply. Box 03022

RESTLESS MALE, N. J.

Businessman, 30, discreetly married, wishes to meet all girls, and seek couple for unusual, unbridled pleasure. Travel all N.E. Frank letter, photo. Box 03376

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I'm a handsome, white male, 38, and have passion to burn for exotically-dressed women interested in French culture also. Ultra frank letter, photo and phone answer similar reply. Box 03024

BOSTON, MASS.

We're a young couple, 21 and 27, and wish to meet all girls and seek couple, interested in photography. No pretense. Photo and frank letter answers reply. Box 03025

SOMEONE TO LOVE

I'm 41, white and broadminded. Want to meet a lovely girl from 18 to 25 or a young mother-lode. Will give her all and happiness. Photo, please. Maine. Box 03438

NEAR DETROIT

Am a handsome, youthful, college profes- sor, 39, white. Want established ad- ventures with discreet white lady and couple. Let's enjoy life now. Photo and phone, please. Sincere. Box 03027

HOLLYWOOD OFFER

Hedonism is accessibly needed in TV news and commercials. I'll exchange exposure in return for compelling me- diation. Send looking up photo, data. Box 03387

MAPLE SHADE, N.J.

I am a good-looking, European, ballet teacher, 43, well-mannered, a neat dresser, with a ready-made home. Would like to meet broadminded, single or couple for friendship and possible mar- riage. Box 03029

PERRIN, IND.

Practicing dentist, we seek a healthy, discreet lady as a summer companion and helper for convenient self and beautiful young wife at our lakeside hideaway. Detailed letter and photo, please. Box 03030

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Am a male, 42, 5'9", 195 lbs, passion- ate. Want a woman of the same. Mar- riage-minded, if suited. No barriers. All answered. Am discreet, Polyamory preferred or any bold-blooded. Box 03051

HOUSTON AREA

Retired, handsome, European man, 36, desires meeting a broadminded woman, married or single; age no barrier. Box 03385

VACATION FOR GIRL

Looking for a young girl who would like a fun-filled vacation. Will pay any- place you like—Las Vegas, Calif., New York. Send pictures, dimensions and what you like, like to do, and expect. Be confident. Tex. Box 03817

LOS ANGELES COUPLE

This is our first ad. We wish to meet couples who enjoy life in our twenties. Photo and phone a must. Box 03106

NEW ENGLAND SWINGER

A single male, 36, interested in meeting attractive, broadminded young ladies and couples. Enjoy French culture. Can travel for meetings. Photo, detailed look letter, please. Box 03377

OFFER STAR PART

To a sexy girl who can make modeling for adult features on publication. Photos. Serious. Life-maker. Marlon. Box 03379

SPAINARD FROM CONN.

I'm 35 years old, passionately want to meet a lady who needs love, affection and pleasure. Please send photo. Box 03800

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YOUNG ADULT SWINGERS

Let us bravely what you want! You must include photo or your Best Ad. Ark. Box 03290

STERILE CALIF. MALE

L.A. area. I'm white, 5'10", 180 lbs., 36, handsome, and desire discreet fun sessions with attractive women. Will disre- tect. Photo, phone answer reply. Box 03291

N. Y., N. Y. AREA

I'm in a handsome, well-built, white, white male, 23, and seek meetings with couples, groups, singles. Definitely please all. Need friends to attend parties. All answered. Box 03443

HANDSOME CALIF. MAN

I'm a discreet, white, white male, 44, and with unbridled competence or does with a shapely, single or married woman in Southern Calif. or Ariz. vicinity. Object: friendship. Box 03296

WANTED: SWINGING GIRL

I'm a tall and distinguished male of 26. Seek correspondence with a single girl. Wash. Box 03294

HARTFORD EACHOR

Friendlessly secure, in middle 30s—I would like to hear from a single lady for romance and possible mar- riage. Photo a must, phone. Box 03289

BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

Woman, I understand you (I'm 41) are or default on problem, age is also. You are fed up with the same man? I would like to meet a woman who wants to have fun. I'll teach you all. Your question answered, instructions. I'll pay your man. Set back, get him on every case. Read. Right temperate un- like the way on the way. Be in short. Name, photo, phone, very frank. All answered. Box 03007

CONFIDENTIAL PHOTO DEVELOPING

Am a professional photographer with a color kit, will do color and B&W developing and printing. Write for information. Calif. Box 03395

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

A modern, attractive, white couple in our mid-thirties—we wish to meet other swinging couples for 17 people get-to- gethers. Our first ad. Write and phone for quick reply. Box 03060

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I'm good-looking, 43, 6' 2", 205 lbs., white, handsome and discreet. Want a woman of mixed, race unimportant. Photo and frank reply will get prompt answer and satisfaction. Guaranteed. Box 03010

MODERN CALIF. MAN

I'm 28, and will answer all who send photo. Clubs, couples, singles. Marriage possible with right girl. Discretion as- sured. Box 03396

NEW YORK, N.Y.

I am a white lady, 32, white, un- bridled wish to meet men or couples for stimulating times. Frank letter, photo. Box 03072

WESTCHESTER, N.Y.

I'm a male executive, 39, broad with conventional intellect, and wish to meet single with meeting, sexual inter- est. I'm white, unbridled and willing to please. Will answer all letters with phone photo. Box 03073

NEW CLUE

Couples and singles club now being formed. No fees or gimmicks. Introduc- tions assured; meetings discreetly ar- ranged. Send photo, phone and general interests. N.Y. to C. Box 03863

NEWPORT, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A divorced man with no dependents, 43, 6' 2", 192 lbs, average looks, on- line, steadily employed — I desire meeting on attractive, effervescent woman 30-45. Marriage if I like. Photo, please. Box 03075

HANDSOME, VIRILE MALE

White, single, 36-1/2, wish to meet girl from 20-40 for unusual pleasures. Must like parties with mixed company. Will send pictures with latest company. All picture, phone number required. All answered. Try me Detroit. Box 03293

RENO, NEV. COUPLE

22 and 28—we seek other swinging couples, white, only. Send photos and photo with first letter. Will answer all. Box 03809

HEARTY FEMALE WANTED

Am a tall, virile, prosperous, attractive man, 40, seek a tall, very stout woman to age 42, should be 5'6" or taller, weigh well over 200 lbs and have warm, friendly disposition. Stare down are out. Photo, phone appreciated. Prefer N.Y., N.J., Pa. Box 03801

MARRIED MAN

I'm 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., white and in- telligent. Want to hear from married or single ladies who are reasonably in- tact. Discretion and confidentiality assured. N.J. Box 03372

LOVELY COLORED LADY

Am 28, 5'4", single, and seek a single colored man, 27-35 in N.Y.C. or L.I. one who has very suitable dining habits. Sincere, honest. Box 03373

MICHIGAN SPORTSMAN

A trustworthy businessman, 40, passion- ate, now looking, white, 5'9 1/2", 175 lbs., age 43, blond, Nordic type. Own 420 sq. yard, 160 acre, country. Finan- cially secure. Seek a broadminded, attractive girl for romance, companionship, and who knows. Would like to meet single and women on phone. No pretense; age 20-40; satisfy in return. Photo and photo a must. Box 03391

CULTURED MAN

Am 57, white, male, clean and active. Will lovely ladies from 30 to 60 please write frankly with photo? Discretion as- sured. Penna. Box 03383

SWINGING N.Y. COUPLE

We are attractive, in our early 30s and anxious to exchange correspondence and Philadelphia photos, possible meet interested couples. Discretion assured. Will answer all in kind who send discreet letter with frank photo. Box 03284

THRILL-SEEKING FEMALE

I'd like to meet non-product couples and single women. I'm 5'6", 27-33-36, blonde, and only 34. Very frank letters and Philadelphia photos a must. Detroit. Box 03439

N.E. OKLAHOMA COUPLE

We're in our early 40s, interested in exotics and French culture and seek photo exchange and meetings with single ladies and couples to 50. Frank letter, photo, please. Box 03386

N.Y.C. POSTAL MAN

I'm single, white, 37, 5'5", 134 lbs. and seek a plain, petite girl from 40-50 who will be a help-meet. Box 03387

COMING TO L. A.?

Already in California? I'm divorced, 40, passionate, talented, good, a col- lege graduate. Seek a shapely, intel- ligent woman to age 35, who is inter- ested. Absolute discretion assured. Box 03392

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MAN TAKES COED TO A LOVERS PICNIC —AND IS SHOT DEAD BY JILTED RIVAL



ROBERT NEWGATE, 20, admitted the brutal murder. According to his confession, he climbed a water tower with a high-powered rifle, waited until he saw his victim — and fired.

BY LESLIE GRYMME

For the past 14 years, Port Jackson University has held a special picnic for those pupils who've announced their engagement during the school year.

But this year when the University held its "lovers' picnic," tragedy marred the otherwise happy day.

Because a jealous ex-boyfriend chose that day to kill the youth who'd stolen his girl — by shooting the other boy as he cradled the girl in his arms.

University officials and Sydney, Australia, police released the following story:

The tragedy had its beginnings when Susan Roslyn, 19, an English major in her junior year at the college, fell in love with Alan Moresby, 22, a graduate student



SUSAN ROSLYN — the pretty coed, 19, watched in horror as her fiancé was shot dead in front of her eyes.

in history. Susan's love was returned by Moresby and early last month the two announced their engagement by posting a notice on the bulletin board in the school's Student Lounge.

But, say police, the announcement of the young couple's forthcoming marriage aroused an emotion totally out of keeping with the occasion in another student, Robert Newgate, 20. According to his statement to police, Newgate had been dating Susan Roslyn before Moresby entered the pic-

ture. Although Susan felt that the relationship wasn't serious, Newgate did.

"I thought Susan loved me," the 20-year-old student told police. "The first inkling I had that she didn't was when I saw her engagement notice pinned to the bulletin board."

Believing he'd been deliberately deceived, Newgate went to the Student Union and found Susan and her fiancé together.

Confronting the couple, Newgate poured forth a stream of profanity at them.

Witnesses to the event told police that Newgate was nearly hysterical and deliberately provoked Moresby. He made pointed references to dates he and Moresby's fiancé had enjoyed — dates, he claimed, that had gone far beyond holding hands.

Enraged by the filth pouring from Newgate, Moresby got up and smashed him to the ground with one well-aimed blow. Blood dripping from his mouth, Newgate exited the building saying, "I'll get you yet, you rat. I swear it."

And Newgate exacted his revenge two days later, the day of the "lovers picnic."

He climbed to the top of a water tower 1,000 yards from the strolling couples



ALAN MORESBY, 22, was shot and killed by his fiancée's ex-boyfriend who became insanely jealous at losing the pretty coed.

and, armed with a high-powered rifle and a telescopic sight, waited for Moresby and Susan to make their appearance. As they did, Newgate zeroed in on the 22-year-old history student and fired.

The bullet struck Moresby a fraction of an inch above and in front of his right ear — killing him instantly.

"I didn't hear the shot," Susan Roslyn told police. "Alan just fell down and didn't move. I thought at first he was joking but then I saw blood and started screaming."

Attracted by her screams, other students and teachers gathered about the body. The police were summoned. Although nearly hysterical, Susan remembered Newgate's threat and told the police about it.

Acting swiftly, detectives went to Newgate's room and nabbed him as he prepared to leave the university. They discovered the rifle in his suitcase, and arrested him.

At the police station, Newgate was confronted with the damning evidence. He broke down and made a full confession.

"We've received information that indicates Robert Newgate is emotionally unstable," said a police officer. "But so is anyone who deliberately plans to take another's life. We believe that he knew what he was doing at the time he killed Moresby and we plan to charge him with premeditated murder!"



FATHER GASSES HIS 2 INFANTS TO DEATH

—TO TEACH UNFAITHFUL MOTHER A LESSON

BY ERIC STEWART

When Henry Newton discovered that his attractive wife, Lora, was being unfaithful to him, the first thing he tried to do was reason with her — to convince her, if possible, not to destroy the family he had worked so hard to build and loved so very dearly.

But Lora only laughed in his face.

So Henry showed her he meant business — by running a hose from the gas stove into their two children's bedroom, and gassing them to death.

Police in Cardiff, Wales, released the following account late last week:

Henry Newton, 28, met Lora, 26, four years ago at a dance and after a brief courtship married her. For the next several years, according to Newton's own confession, the two lived happily together in Cardiff, with Newton working 12 hours a day, six days a week, at his blacksmith shop and Lora having supper on the table for him every night when he came home.

"I really wanted to make things good for my family," Newton said. "I wanted to work hard and give my wife everything. And when she gave birth to our twins, Kenneth and Kent, a year and a half ago, it only spurred me on to work harder — so I



THE TWO NEWTON CHILDREN, Kenneth (left) and Kent. Twins of 1½ years, they were both gassed to death by their father.



LORA NEWTON, 26, was virtually the town tramp.



HENRY NEWTON, 28, worked like a slave to give his wife everything, until he discovered that she had been unfaithful to him all along.



could someday send them to college."

Newton's beautiful dream, however, was soon to be shattered. For Lora was far from the good faithful wife he had supposed her to be. Instead, she was practically the town tramp — and nearly everybody but Newton knew about it.

"To tell the truth," said a neighbor who wished to remain anonymous, "Lora had a regular string of men with whom she was intimate while her husband was at his shop working. These included, to my knowledge, the butcher, the bakery delivery boy, the mailman and the diaper-service man. And I'm sure there were many more."

There well may have been — but the one who made all the difference was Malcolm Fisher, 24, the milkman and one of Newton's closest

POLICE, called to the Newton home by Henrietta Newton when she discovered her dead children, lead the near-hysterical husband down to police headquarters. He is scheduled for psychiatric hearing this week.

friends.

"I guess I just couldn't resist Lora when she made those passes at me in her thin negligee," Fisher told authorities. "I soon became intimate with her, and we carried on like that for many months — until finally I just felt so guilty I couldn't stand it anymore."

As things turned out, it would have been better for all concerned if Fisher had been able to stand it. For, when he confessed to Newton what had been going on, Newton became almost hysterical.

As Newton himself described it to police afterwards: "I ran out of my shop where Malcolm had come to tell me, and raced

home as fast as I could.

"I rushed inside and grabbed Lora and hugged her and begged her to tell me that it wasn't true, that Malcolm was lying, that she was still the wonderful loving wife I had always believed her to be.

"But she only shook her head slowly and said that everything he said was true. Then, almost as if she wanted to hurt me or something, she began telling me about all the others.

"I screamed at her to stop. I told her she was destroying everything, everything the two of us had worked so hard to build.

"But she just laughed at

me and then she put on her coat and marched out of the house.

"I don't know, I must have went crazy or something. I had never felt such intense hate before. All I wanted to do was hurt her, torture her in the way that would hurt her the most."

And that way, Newton decided, was through the children, Kenneth and Kent, because Lora loved them more than anything on earth.

According to police, Newton went into the basement, found a rubber hose, connected it to the gas stove in the kitchen, turned on the gas, and then led the hose into the bedroom where the children were sleeping.

Shutting all the doors and windows, he too, lay down to await death.

He only got as far as unconsciousness, though. A few minutes afterward, Lora came back for some legal papers, saw what was happening, and quickly opened all the windows. Then she called the police.

When they arrived, Newton was just coming to. But both babies were dead. And Newton, hysterical again, was taken to jail to await a psychiatric hearing on his sanity.

As for Lora, she remained home to pick up the pieces of the family she had destroyed — and to wonder whether all the lovers in the world, now, could ever make her happy again.



MALCOLM FISHER, 24, the milkman, was also Newton's closest friend.

Celebrity Corner HOT LINE

by Moss Shapiro Adams

LAST MINUTE FLASHES: ANITA EKBERG and another gal brawled violently on the sidewalk outside a Los Angeles restaurant. Anita, as she was leaving the eatery, had heard the other gal make some insulting remarks about her acting ability. Enraged, the Swedish Sex Bomb challenged the still-seated lass to step outside and settle the matter Gal-to-Gal. When the challenge was accepted, and both gals were safely outside, Anita launched such a furious barrage of kicks and punches that she floored her op-



NATALIE WOOD

ponent in no time at all. Even then she continued to attack, however, stomping the other gal so viciously that friends finally hauled her away bodily, afraid she would commit murder. . . . **EDDIE FISHER** was punched silly by a \$300 a night Call Girl, when Eddie refused to cough up the cash which the Money-Bunny claimed he owed her for Professional Services Rendered. It took two or three minutes of Furious Female Fistwork, and Eddie was soon willing to haul out his wallet and fork over the dough which the Career Gal demanded — plus a big tip, which she strongly suggested. . . . **PETER FONDA** and his gorgeous wife **SUSAN** are reconciled after a secret trial separation of three months. Peter attempted to make good use of his Time Off, by acquiring some of the most sizzling babes in Hollywood to the bars and bistros. But when he found out that Susan wasn't spending her evenings by her little lonely either, he soon lost his enthusiasm for the whole project. Now the two of them are once again as snug as two bugs in a rug. . . . **HAYLEY MILLS** is furious because she found out that the married man she's been dating has two other girlfriends on the side. Hayley demanded that the guy give up his other girlfriends, or lose her, and the guy just laughed in her face. . . . **DEBBIE REYNOLDS** whooped it up with so much energy and determina-



CONNIE STEVENS

tion at a swank party that she got stinking drunk and fell flat on her face. But even then Debbie refused to give up. Crawling about the room on all fours, she threatened to bite the other guests' ankles, unless they passed down drinks to her. Finally, giggling happily, she drank herself into a state of unconsciousness, still squatting on the floor. . . . **INGRID SZYMANSKI** emptied a bowl of pea soup over the head of a waiter, in one of Hollywood's most expensive restaurants. Ingrid, a visiting German starlet who is known as something of a gourmet, became insanely angered when she found that the soup was only luke-warm, and tasted like green dishwater. She showed her disapproval of such things by picking up the bowl and sloshing the thick liquid all over the head of the waiter who was serving her. . . . **JANE RUSSELL** made the rounds of hotspots on the Sunset Strip in the company of a thin, weak-looking bit-part actor. . . . **BOB WATERFIELD**, Jane's husband, could have smashed the guy to pieces in minutes with a few of his power-packed punches. But there seemed no reason for Bob to feel jealous at all, since it soon became obvious that the guy was more interested in other guys than he was in his sexy date.



SANTA BERGER

THE HOT LINE FROM HOLLYWOOD: **CONNIE STEVENS** was the victim of an embarrassing prank played on her by a joker she met at a party. Seeing a loose thread on the woolen sweater Connie was wearing, the joker grabbed it and pulled. To Connie's horror, the sweater started to unravel. As she screamed for him to stop, the delighted guy simply pulled more and more thread from the sweater, and finally Connie found herself wearing no more than a few loops around her neck. It was then obvious to shocked female onlookers, and delighted male ones, that Connie definitely was not wearing a bra. Covering her Bountiful Bosom with her hands, Connie ran for cover, as the joker who had started the whole Woolly business guffawed happily. . . . **WARREN BEATTY** was hauled into Traffic Court on charges which might loosely be called, "drunken driving at ridiculous speeds on the sidewalk." Beatty was coming home from a Good Time early one morning in his sportscar, when he took his eyes off the road to do some smooching with a chick in the seat beside him. Unfortunately, he forgot to take his foot off the accelerator, and



INGRID SZYMANSKI

a split-second later he found his car hurtling along the sidewalk at a 150 mph. He was so alarmed that he gave the steering wheel a sudden yank, and piled the car into a street-front. No one was hurt, but when the cops arrived, and smelled the star's breath, he was hustled into traffic court fast. . . . **GLORIA MILLS**, a dancer and one of the most promising young talents in the country, turned down an offer from a well-known producer to become his "protégé." Gloria explained to friends that the services she would have been expected to provide, in return for the producer's "friendship" would have been both immoral and dangerous — since the guy is well-known as a sadist. . . . **ROBERT VAUGHN** is furious at himself, because after hitting the \$3,000 jackpot on a slot machine in Las Vegas, he went and lost the whole sum at the dice tables. Even that wouldn't be so bad, Robert says, if he hadn't attempted to recoup his money by more playing — and so lost an additional \$4,000. . . . **SANTA BERGER** lost her temper when a glove salesman attempted to take advantage of Santa's desire to try on some gloves, by running his hands over hers — and then on up her arm and over her breasts. Santa slapped the guy across both cheeks so hard that his face turned a flaming red. Then, stalking out of the store, the star cried out that the next time she met the guy she would be wearing a different kind of gloves — boxing gloves.

MOTHER SAVES DAUGHTER FROM LESBIANS — BY FORCING GIRL INTO PROSTITUTION



TWO LESBIANS, Emma Britt (left) and Margo Sayer (right) became friendly with Maria (center) and led her into an unnatural life.

Most mothers would rather see their daughters dead than see them turn to prostitution.

But Belle Cantry, 35, was an exception to that rule.

Because when she discovered that her daughter, Maria, 17, was turning into a lesbian, Belle decided there was only one thing to do — she forced Maria to become a call girl.

"I don't regret a thing," said Belle, when we interviewed her at her famous nightclub, "The Blue Devil," in Blenz, Austria. Belle's autobiographical novel, "A

Mother's Memoir," had just been released, and we were anxious to hear her comments.

"I was only 18 when I gave birth to little Maria," she continued. "My husband had just been killed by the Nazis, and I was forced to support Maria and myself by singing in nightclubs and honky-tonk cafes.

"It was degrading, but I toughened up after a while.

"Trouble is, I never had much time to spend with Maria, and she grew up kind of wild."

Belle said that Maria spent

a great deal of time by herself and seemed to have trouble making friends.

"Then," Belle continued, "when she finally did make some chums, I was pleased. I did think it odd that she hung around with the same two girls, Emma Britt and Margo Sayer, all the time. And I also noticed that they were much older than Maria, but I was still grateful that she had some pals."

Then, Belle said, one night she came home from the nightclub much earlier than usual.

"I walked in quietly," said Belle, "so I wouldn't awaken Maria. And when I turned on the living room light, I saw a sight that I'll never forget . . .

"Emma, Margo, and my own Maria were all locked together in one of the closest embraces I've ever seen. My blood ran cold, as I suddenly realized what I was witnessing. I knew at that moment that Emma and Margo were a couple of lesbians, and per-

haps my own daughter was one as well.

"So I ran at them screaming and cursing. Emma and Margo grabbed their clothes and ran out. Then I beat Maria within an inch of her life, and ordered her to stay in the house for the next few days while I decided what to do.

"That night I stayed up thinking until I finally came up with an answer — I would force my lesbian daughter to take up normal sex, by making her become a call girl!"

"So the next night I spoke to a couple of procurers, Hank and Sam Smythe, who are always hanging around the club. I told them to fix Maria up with a nice, gentle, attractive millionaire as soon as possible. I told them to make sure he was a nice guy who'd treat my girl right."

"And the next day they turned up with Ruppert Frank."

"Maria was furious when I told her that she had to go

out with a man. I knew she preferred those damn creeps, but I was determined to convert her. So I dragged her to a beauty parlor, and helped her to dress in her sexiest outfit.

"She looked beautiful when she was ready, and I was proud of her. She looked like a chip off the old block."

Belle said that Maria didn't enjoy her evening with Ruppert Frank but that Belle insisted she had to continue her career as a call girl.

"So," Belle continued, "Maria began working steadily for the Smythes. Being a call girl did Maria a lot of good. She suddenly blossomed into a real woman. Why you should see the way men beach around her at the beach!"

"When Emma and Margo found out that what Maria was doing, they dropped her like a hot potato.

"It's an awful thing for a mother to force her kid to be a call girl, but at least my kid is mentally normal again."



BELLE CANTRY says she doesn't care what her daughter does—just so long as she does it right. "What Maria did was just silly nonsense," Belle says, "so I stopped it."



MARIA CANTRY, 17, was a lesbian dupe until her mother forced her to become a prostitute.

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TRIBAL GIRL AND HER CITY SISTER BATTLE WITH CLUBS

— FOR \$2 MILLION INHERITANCE

BY PARLEY LAMMERS

According to ancient custom the two Nioro sisters, Lomia and Sana, had to fight each other with clubs to see which of them would inherit their father's vast fortune, but the girls made a secret

...And Ritual Ends In Violent Death For Both

pact to "take a dive" — so that they wouldn't get hurt and would still be able to share the fortune equally.

Unfortunately, though, the battle didn't work out quite as planned.

For instead of it ending in a draw, Sana accidentally smashed Lomia on the head and killed her — and then, overcome with grief, she picked up a sharp knife and violently slashed herself to death.

The tragic story began, our reporter on the scene learned last week, over 20 years ago when Goff Nioro, the chief of a small tribe in the Hombori region of Mali, Africa, decided to go to England with some diamonds he had collected and invest them in oil stock.

As it turned out, Nioro invested wisely. As the years passed, the oil wells gushed in like broken water mains, and before long Chief Nioro



SANA NIORO, 25, dances with a friend in England shortly before she returned to her native country to participate in the duel. She felt, however, that the duel was foolish, because she loved her sister very much.

was a wealthy man.

The real tragedy of his wealth, however, began just a few weeks ago when Chief Nioro, then in his 60s, died quietly in his bed of heart failure. For the chief's death left unresolved the vital question of how his huge fortune was to be divided up.

According to ancient tribal tradition, the way this was to be done was to allow the children of the chief — not the wife, since she isn't of the same blood line — to fight a duel with clubs to see which one was superior. Then that superior one would be awarded the entire inheritance, and the other would get nothing.

In the case of Chief Nioro, there were two next of kin — his daughters, Lomia, 23, and Sana, 25. Accordingly, when the chief died, it was these two sisters who were required to fight for his money.

There was just one trouble: One of the sisters, Sana, had spent a number of years in England and had become accustomed to civilized ways. And, as far as Sana was concerned, slugging it out with her sister with a club was just plain stupid.

"The two girls," said a tribal spokesman, "actually loved each other very much. And so, although they were required by our laws to go through with the duel, they

privately arranged to make it just a mock duel — one in which nobody got hurt."

Sadly, however, it didn't work out that way. On the day of the battle, the two girls went out into a clearing and, while the rest of the tribe looked on, they began swinging at each other with heavy, mahogany clubs.

Then Sana lost her footing and, as she tried to regain her balance, her club dropped down with terrific force — on the temple of Lomia's head. Lomia gave an agonized shriek and crumpled to the ground, with blood spurting out of her forehead and down her face.

For a moment, observers to the tragedy recalled, Sana just stared dumbly at her dead sister. Then, as if possessed by a demon, she glanced around wildly, spied a sharp knife in a man's belt, grabbed it, and began tearing at her own body with it.

Bystanders rushed in to stop Sana, but it was too late. A few hours later, weakened by massive loss of blood, Sana, too, passed away.

With the tragic deaths of the heirs, the fortune of Chief Nioro was placed in a community fund, to be given to the next chief as soon as he is chosen. This was a departure from ancient tradition.



LOMIA NIORO, 23 (center), joins in on a tribal dance just prior to the fight with her sister. She, too, felt the fight was foolish, and both girls agreed to go easy on each other.

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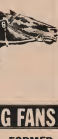
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LONGSHOTS



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NEW YORK

FANCY BOLEDO
Was poorly rated recently, but
stronger rating should do it
HORNBREAM
This Roman Line colt is being
well backed by astute folk.
LOUI MICHAELS
Has been finishing with better
sharp moves lately, ready
PRETENSE
Liangdon Farm star is all
set for a winning effort.

MARYLAND

CATSKRAPER
Went sour earlier in the season
but came back very strongly.
DUC DU THOR
Will keep on threatening if
kept at same claiming level.
QUINIA FIRMAL
Really bred veteran is honed
for top share of the purse.
PAUL'S ED
Carrying well with better Allow
ance rivals. Now fresh and fit.

RUSSWIN

Closes with a rush that indicates
a powerful test at hand.
SEA KING
Getting closer; jockey Ycas can
bring out the best in him.
UPSET VICTORY
Ready to amend numerous
poor showings in a realistic spot.
VALIDATED
Been enlarging his account with
minor perfections. Top honors soon.

BEST BET

ROYAL HARBINGER, (N.Y.)
RASH STEP
Improved filly all set for a
visit to the main circuit.
ROSE NET
Not as good as he was, but can
handle cheap opposition.
SCAMPABOUT
A lightly rated Miss who is
set for the top-sharing.
WIDE SAM
Consistent hard-hitting battler
honed for a winning series.

BEST BET

TURBO LEE, (MD.)

FLORIDA

CHARITIST
Should return to winning ways
with \$2,500 range placers.
COMPASS ROSE
Filly overdue for brackets, and
could furnish a lucrative upset.
EGG MONEY
Versatile mare wins by setting
or coming off the pace.
NASH
Nashua gelding is dangerous in
any field lacking early speed.

CALIFORNIA

BURKE
Rates very well on the front
end with lowly priced ones.
HURRY PAL
Would encounter little difficulty
in beating better kind.
LA QUINIA KING
Tough at any distance, and
seems on edge in A.M. moves.
LUCKY NIXON
Has had sprint speed sharpened;
ready to extend trips.

RICHMOND GRAYS

Fit and razor sharp as they
move for future assignments.
SOUTH CREEK
Has been up much too high;
needs only a slight drop.
VICTORIA REGINA
Imported filly is now acclimated
for dirt or turf spots.
WILL DANCE
Solid start once faced much
better than his meeting now.

BEST BET

MORAL SUASION, (FLA.)
MAJESTON
Solid stretch-running roan goes
well with good Allowance dashes.
MDCHA PRINCE
Prefers to contest marathons
where he can run all day long.
RED HOT PAPPY
Filly's been overmatched recently
now spotting should bring results.
PORTER'S BELLE
Comes from way off the pace
with a scoring surge; tab.

BEST BET

QUICK LOAD, (CALIF.)

HOT ONES — READY TO WIN AT BIG ODDS

CRYING TOWEL, (N.Y.) . . . Seldom turns in a
poor performance and knows his way to the
cheerful circle at the big A. May appreciate a
little more distance; seems capable of clicking
with more expensive company.

LINEAR B, (N.Y.) . . . Always a factor when
pitted against moderate Allowance competition.
This gelded son of Olympia has inherited his
sire's speed; continues to train in sharp style
with bang-up morning maneuvers.

LORO SOMERS, (LA.) . . . Seems to do much
better at the Crescent City oval than anywhere
else; he picked up a couple of purses there last
year. Handlers are well pleased with sharp
morning tuneups.

MAJORITY LEADER, (MO.) . . . A router who
likes to cut out all the fractions. Does not have
the necessary speed to last out the pace in
sprints, but figures to handle cheap distance
tests.

MILLAWAY, (CALIF.) . . . Has a habit of atoning
for dismal showings. The Pappa Fourney filly
is always a threat to take all or part of a
purse. Connections have her on edge for a
prize.

SALUTE RIC, (FLA.) . . . Has been getting
closer to the top money lately, after several
indifferent efforts. Should find plenty of race
middle-distance spots to his liking here at the
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the day you bet isn't the right day!

I don't profess to be a vicar, man, nor do I know all the answers! But I've been
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**TURF WINNER FLASHES
FROM MAJOR RACE TRACKS
ALL OVER THE NATION**

DAD CUTS OUT HIS BABY'S TONGUE — WHEN INFANT SCREAMS FOR FOOD



RUDOLPH BORKIN, 54, on his way to the police station. When his baby cried for food, he cut out its tongue. "I just wanted to make him stop screaming," Borkin said later.

BY PHILIP BIANCO

When doctors completed the simple operation that restored Rudolph Borkin's sense of hearing, they thought they'd done a great service to the 52-year-old machinist.

But as it turned out, the doctors had unknowingly set the scene for a terrible tragedy.

Because after 30 years of partial deafness, Borkin was stunned by the sudden, new blaze of sounds around him and when his 2-year-old child screamed for food, the noise was so painful that he seized a knife — and cut out the baby's tongue.

Police and Child Welfare authorities in Dusseldorf, Germany, released the following account of this tragedy:

Two weeks ago, Rudolph Borkin, a 52-year-old machinist, received a well-earned promotion to division foreman. Because company policy required that any employee who was promoted be given a complete physical examination, Borkin reported to the plant hospital

where doctors gave him a clean bill of health — except for the fact that he was almost totally deaf. The doctors then explained to Borkin that his deafness was caused by an over-secretion of wax in his ears which had hardened over the years, blocking off sound from entering.

This condition, they explained, could be cured by a simple and painless treatment and Borkin agreed to the operation. After softening the wax with a chemical, the doctors gently flushed it out with hot water and happily announced that after almost 30 years of partial deafness, Borkin could now hear as well as anyone.

But the doctors didn't realize that the thousands of noises which flooded into Borkin's head after so many years of deafness were so new and painful that it was to drive the machinist insane — and result in a terrible tragedy.

The first indication that anything was wrong occurred when Borkin left the plant hospital and returned to the Tool and Die Division of the

company. Here he was suddenly overwhelmed by the clatter of machines and the scream of metal being drilled and worked.

"Rudolph clapped his hands over his ears and ran out of the plant with a look of horror on his face," an amazed fellow-worker later told police. "It happened so suddenly that we had no idea what was the matter."

Borkin ran from the plant to the parking lot where he started his car and began to drive home. But as he pulled into traffic, he said later, the bedlam of honking horns and racing motors seemed to beat into his brain, driving him nearly out of his mind. "I couldn't take it anymore," Borkin told the police. "I left my car on the side of the road and took a taxi home with my hands over my ears, trying to shut out the awful noises."

Borkin told police that he arrived home about 2 pm and opened a bottle of liquor



MRS. BORKIN returned home to see her husband trying to stop the blood gushing from her baby's mouth. "I didn't even ask what had happened," she said. "I just called an ambulance."



BORKIN HEARS THE NEWS that his 2-year-old son will never speak normally, after he sliced its tongue out with a knife.

which he drank in great gulps, hoping "to get so drunk that I'd pass out and not hear anything."

But although the liquor did make him extremely drunk, Borkin didn't pass out.

As Borkin lay down, his mind spinning from the liquor, a new and piercing sound suddenly caused him to leap up in agony. His 2-year-old son, Hans, had awakened and was crying for food.

Rushing to the infant's room, Borkin picked up the child and tried to soothe it. But his drunken manner only frightened the baby, making it cry even more. "I finally realized that Hans was hungry," Borkin said later, "and I carried him into the kitchen and tried to give him some milk."

But the liquid spilled on the baby and his walls grew even louder. Crazed by the noise, Borkin found a jar of baby food and tried to pry it open with a knife. But the combination of the liquor and the baby's cries caused the knife to slipped,

plunging deep into his hand. "As soon as I cut myself, the baby screamed again," Borkin said, "I guess I went completely insane."

Berserk from the noise, Borkin grabbed the baby and sliced insanely at its tongue with the knife — carving a bloody chunk from the tiny mouth.

"I just wanted to make him stop screaming," the tearful father said later.

At this point, Mrs. Borkin, who'd been shopping, returned to the house and saw the incredible scene.

"Rudolph was running around the kitchen, holding a blood-soaked towel to Hans' mouth," Ruth Borkin. "I didn't even stop to ask what had happened. I just ran to the phone and called for an ambulance."

A police ambulance responded to the call and removed little Hans to a hospital where, later that night, doctors announced that the child was out of danger but would never be able to speak properly.

As for Borkin, police listened horror-struck as he tearfully recounted the events that led to his terrible act. He was taken to headquarters and the Child Welfare authorities were notified.

Brought to trail for gross mistreatment of a child, Borkin listened silently as the judge learned the facts of the case and made his decision. "Examining psychiatrists state that Mr. Borkin has now adjusted to his newly regained power of hearing and is completely sane," the judge said. "Accordingly, charges against him will be dismissed. 'It is my decision that the child, Hans, be placed in an institution until he reaches legal age.'"

"Psychiatrists have warned me that the boy will never be able to grow up normally in the same house with his father, who so horribly mutilated him."

